

Philby by Rory Gallagher I feel like Philby, Now ain't it strange (1)_

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There's a (2) in my soul,
I'm (3) in transit in a lonesome city,
I can't come in from the cold,
I'm deep in action on a secret mission,
Contact's broken down,
Time drags by, I'm above suspicion,
There's a voice on the telephone
Yeah, yeah,
Yeah, yeah, yeah.
Well it sure is dark in this clockwork city,
Contact's (4) gonna show,
I've got a code which can't be broken,
My eyes never seem to close,
Well, I'm standing here in the silent city,
Shadows falling down,
I'm disconnected but I don't need pity,
The night's gonna burn on slow.
Yeah, yeah,
Yeah, yeah, yeah.

Fill in the gaps

Now ain't it funny that I feel (5) Philby,
A stranger on a foreign shore,
I've got my plans and I must move quickly,
There's a knock upon the door,
Still in transit and I'm close to danger,
My cover can't be blown,
It's getting strange and it's getting crazy,
Tell me, what is going on?
Yeah, yeah, yeah.
Yeah, yeah, yeah.
Four o'clock and nothing's moving,
Six o'clock and the daylight's stirring,
A (6) comes, must be moving on
All night long my mind's (7) burning,
Makes me feel such a long, long way from home,
Now ain't it strange that I feel like Philby,
There's a stranger in my soul
I'm lost in transit in a lonesome city
I can't (8) in (9) the cold



- 1. that
- 2. stranger
- 3. lost
- 4. never
- 5. like
- 6. Morning
- 7. been
- 8. come
- 9. from

Fill in the gaps